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I felt that death had drawn more near,
My youthful hopes all passed away ;
No heart to press to mine—now dead—
The fields were sere, the skies were gray.

In nature's lessons some are blest ;
From time stern duties might we learn ;
If old myself, there's joy imprest
On fresher hearts, to pulse and burn.

A few sad years and I shall be
Where all I love has sunk to sleep ;
In Nature's arms—fit company
For careless æons—buried deep.

If those we trust desert their trust,
If those we love despise and wound ;—
To-morrow,—we are fleeting dust,
Swept,—like the dry leaves, from the ground !

When death this palsied heart desries,
That sends this trembling scroll to thee,
Child, in whose hope and trust there lies,
Superior faith and purity ;

If, then, upon fate's coldest hour
Thy thought might warm my fading breath,
Life might not seem this hopeless dower,
But I could smile and bless my death.

W. E. CHANNING.

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SCHELLING ON ENGLAND.

There is referred to in the "Life of Schelling" (pp. 16–18) a remarkable little Latin poem on this subject. Schelling lived to an advanced age (he was nearly eighty when he died); nevertheless, he is a particularly well-marked example of conspicuous precocity in youth. And we do not refer in that regard to the early age at which he was now a university-prodigy, and again even an accepted philosophical authority with the public, but to his wonderful performances while but as yet a schoolboy. He wrote admirable Greek and Latin when he was no more than ten years of age. The poem in question, in fact, is found among the class-exercises that belong to his twelfth year (1787). Written in elegiac verse, it is addressed "To England"—"ad Angliam"—and consists of some one hundred and sixty-two lines. It is described (with specimens) by his biographer pretty well as follows:

The poem begins its great theme with the fervid language of enthusi-

asm, and Liberty is invoked as the tutelar divinity of England. Reference to her great men follows. Shakespeare, Milton, Thomson, Hume, Cook are specially mentioned, and among them Franklin is included, as though he, too, were an Englishman, and very naturally. Franklin, of course, gives law to the thunderbolt, and brings fire itself to rule; while as for Cook,

Coccius immensum ter circum navigat orbem
Et terras quaerit nave fugace novas.

Cook sails three times round the unmeasured globe,
Discovering everywhere strange countries new.

And here the last line especially must be accounted, technically, a good one.

The greatness of England having thus, in a general manner, been exalted, the poem turns back to the birth of the island itself, and describes how, in mighty throes of nature, it was torn from the bosom of the continent. Thereupon, we are to understand, all the gods assembled, like so many godfathers and godmothers over a new-born child, each with appropriate gifts and promises or prophecies of some future excellence.

Neptune, as is but right, comes first and confers on the new island the empire of the sea. Jupiter himself follows next, to ratify the dower and pronounce England future Queen of the World. Mars then also adds his assurance of England's bravery and greatness. Apollo succeeds and promises his support, with special reference to the poets. And, lastly, it is the god Mercury descends to endow England with the world's commerce:

Mercatura tuis florebit me duce quondam;
Tolle oculos! vobis pontus ubique patet.
Nunquam non alio terras sub sole calentes
 Nave petas, fausto tramite cursus eat,
Excede portu portumque redibit onesta
 Argento navis divitiisque tibi, etc.

Commerce shall one day flourish for thy sons,
Me guiding. Lo! to them ocean opes wide.
And never shall they disembark on lands,
Or lord o'er seas, that warm not to the suns
Of other climes. Laden for thee with gold,
The ship shall harbor leave, and harbor seek, etc.

When the gods have exhausted themselves in gifts and blessings, the goddesses, too, must have their turn of benefaction, with Juno to begin:

Sublimes vobis animos mentemque, Britanni,
Reddam, ait, excelsam consimilemque meae,
Nobilis ut vobis in corde superbia regnet,
Et vera mentes ambitione regam.

Sublime I'll make your minds, Britons, she says,
And give you souls high, haughty, like my own :
So noble pride shall reign within, and fill
Your manly hearts with true ambition's fire.

That is a strong testimony ; but even earlier in the piece the poet had expressed his sense of the proud and imperturbable spirit of the English in verses not unworthy of a poet at first hand :

Sublimis mens est Anglis, et conscientia magnae
Virtutis celso pectora corde ferunt.
Sic quoque Massyliis subito deprensus in arvis
Stat leo virtutis conscientius ipse suae ;
Undique se fundunt circum, genus acre, Molossi,
Coelum latratu persona turba ferit.
Ille manet rictumque fremens ostendit et unguis,
Excussisque horrent aspera colla jugis.

Sublime the minds of Englishmen, who bear
Still in their great breasts consciousness of worth :
So stands the lion on Massylian plains,
Whom, proud in himself, the fierce crew of dogs
Molossian, sudden sweep round, with bark
Vexing high heaven that echoes to the din.
He fronts them firm ; growling, shows teeth, shows jaw,
With bristling horror of his upraised mane.

Pallas follows Juno with the gifts of art and science. Pallas is succeeded by the goddess of love, to whom it belongs to promise England fair women for her brave men :

Magni vos estis—quoque foemina magna sit Angli,
Ac eat in vestros pulcra puella sinus.

You are great, ye English ; be therefore great
And beautiful the maiden in your breast.

Ceres comes last :

Tandem laeta Ceres spicis redimita capillos
Tales purpureo mittit ab ore sonos.

At last glad Ceres came, with wheat-ears crowned,
And smiled from roseate lips the self-same praise.

She promises England that her fields shall be fruitful and blest forever. So now the great close :

Sic Divi.—Exultans ter promit gaudia felix
Insula, ter tumido se movet ipsa mari;
Consonat omne fretum, vocem gratantia volvunt
Litora, ter reboant saxa petraeque maris.

Thus they.—The happy island thrice sends forth
Her joy; thrice leaps within the swelling sea;
Each strait resounds; the shores shout gratitude,
While rock and cliff thrice echo every note.

Even so much Latin praise of blushing England seems not to have been enough for the boy-poet of the Fatherland; he must needs follow it up by ever so many hexameters in Greek, too, to a like effect.

Perhaps one's fellow-countrymen—and certainly the countrymen of Emerson are one's fellow-countrymen—will find it at least curious that there should have been, just about a century ago, such a high ideal of English greatness existing anywhere in the minds of Germans; for the war in the Peninsula was not yet, nor Trafalgar, nor Waterloo. There is a little poem of Pfeffel's, too, which would seem to testify to the entertainment of a like ideal by another German, and Pfeffel was born some forty years before Schelling. The poem in reference is entitled "The Doctor and the Patient." The latter talks, naturally, of his sufferings; but he is answered only on the part of the physician with the politics of the day :

" Well! how's the health to-day? " " Ill, my dear doctor, ill;
I feel so feeble that I scarce can move."
" You'll see that Spain will win the glove,
If England give her help." " My sleep, too, is not well."
" Now, there again, England holds Portugal? " etc.

So Pfeffel, it would seem, must have nourished some such ideal of England as Schelling did after him. It is sufficiently curious, for even Shakespeare gives no grander ideal of England in his famous address :

This sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

One wonders what the great Julius would say to all that, could he but see it. What surprise were his did he but step ashore on Kent again, or sail through the *Pool*, or board our great ironclads, or take train from Dover to London, or send a message by telegraph from Paris to Rome, or converse by telephone! Would his entire generation of Latins, were it alive now, overloaded by our civilization, only sink beneath it, and fade before us, even as the Red Indians do?

Another notice of England on the part of Schelling occurs at page 277, vol. i., 2te Abth., of his collected works. As regards adoption of the principle of experience, he says thus: "England took the lead, France followed. We have seen since then, however, that, in the country of Des-cartes, a party consisting of bolder spirits demands again a metaphysics, though with proviso of the initiative in experience. Whether this time England will follow remains to be seen. To all calls in this direction, as yet, and such calls have not been wanting—I may remind of Coleridge, for example—the answer has been: 'I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing.' The trade of the globe, the enormous development of the industrial arts, the never-stopping, though so far regular, action of its political life, in conjunction with an obscure, barbarous jurisprudence and a stationary Church, take in, on one side, so many interests, and, on another side, give so much fixedness to the various relations, that people there can find no inclination to subject themselves to the casualties which are unavoidably associated with the prosecution of the higher sciences, and contentedly bear the want of what the Germans, since so long a time, so highly esteem."

Faithful *Anglo-Israel*—that nowadays, of the two sons of Joseph so remarkably blessed by Jacob, considers Ephraim to refer to England and Manasseh to refer to America—will be rather interested, we should think, in these expressions (especially the former ones) of Schelling's!

J. HUTCHISON STIRLING.

LOVE.

Unconquerable and inviolate
Is Love: servant and sovereign of man's wit,
Though the light-winged Fancy changeful flit,
She rules unwaveringly her fair estate,
O'erbeats mischance and error, envy and hate,
High intellect, ambition, passion, pride;